



# THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST OF IT"

## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER 1—Matthew Blacklock, who tells the story, gives something of his history, rising from bootblack to a high financier.

CHAPTER 2—Describes events two and a half years before Wild Week. The reader makes the acquaintance of Henry J. Roebuck, financier and philanthropist.

CHAPTER 3—Enter "the woman." Blacklock meets Anita Ellersley through her brother Sam, whom Blacklock has helped by giving straight tips on the market.

CHAPTER 4—Blacklock desires to enter "respectable society," so he goes into training and applies for membership in the exclusive Travelers' club.

CHAPTER 5—Blacklock commences to meet trouble for him with Mowbray Langdon as a conspirator. Langdon is another chief of high finance.

CHAPTER 6—Blacklock confesses that he wants to be married.

CHAPTER 7—Blacklock goes into training for his introduction to society.

CHAPTER 8—On the trail of Langdon.

CHAPTER 9—Langdon at home. Langdon and his wife are not happy.

CHAPTER 10—Shows what a hypocrite Henry J. Roebuck is.

CHAPTER 11—Blacklock attends a dinner at the home of Anita's father and is met with a cold reception by the young lady.

CHAPTER 12—He takes the Ellersley family to the theater.

CHAPTER 13—Blacklock proposes to Anita Ellersley and is accepted. Joy on the part of the mother, who insisted that Anita should accept Blacklock simply because he has money and the Ellersley finances are low.

CHAPTER 14—Roebuck lures Blacklock into a stock deal in order to "trim" him.

CHAPTER 15—Blacklock is trapped and "trimmed."

CHAPTER 16—Blacklock finds himself being on Textile Common and when he hears that the market is going against him and ruin stares him in the face he makes his friend, Robert Corey, president of the Interstate Trust company, loan him money to tide him over.

CHAPTER 17—Blacklock dines at Delmonico's with Sam Ellersley and decides to withdraw his application for membership in the Travelers' club. He visits Anita after dinner and tells her of his financial distress. She shows herself to be a different sort of woman than Blacklock had supposed.

CHAPTER 18—Blacklock drops in to visit Joe Healy, who runs a big gambling house and who was a chum with Blacklock years before when both were penniless. Joe makes Blacklock take a lot of money of his to invest.

CHAPTER 19—After a day with Textile Common, Blacklock believes he can see his way out.

CHAPTER 20—Blacklock goes for a call upon Anita and meets with a tempest in the person of her father and mother, who are trying now to force Anita to marry Tom Langdon, brother to Mowbray, because they think the Langdons have Blacklock beaten. The session ends by Anita leaving home and going with Blacklock in his auto.

CHAPTER 21—The couple go to the home of Blacklock's partner where they are married, Anita objecting strenuously, and then they go to his apartments at the Willoughby.

CHAPTER 22—Blacklock spends the day at his office and returns in the evening to the Willoughby, where he finds Anita's father and mother just about to leave. The mother cannot refrain from emptying the vials of her wrath upon Blacklock.

CHAPTER 23—Blacklock gets a hint from Anita that Roebuck was conspiring with Langdon to ruin him. He goes to Roebuck's house to find out and there finds the family gathered at evening prayer. Roebuck announces that the time for announcing the big coal organization deal has been delayed. It is upon this coal organization announcement that Blacklock is depending to help carry him through the crisis.

CHAPTER 24—Blacklock tries to come to some understanding with his wife, but fails.

CHAPTER 25—Blacklock turns over his holdings in the coal combine to old man Galloway, a high financier and an enemy to Roebuck, when he learns of the lock-out in the coal mines controlled by the trust.

CHAPTER 26—Blacklock goes to Anita's uncle and arranges to give him a large sum of money, the income from which shall keep Anita in the circumstances to which she has been accustomed. The uncle is to give Anita the money because Blacklock is certain that she will not take it from him.

CHAPTER 27—Mowbray Langdon, returned from an ocean voyage, and Roebuck attempts to ruin Blacklock by having his account taken from bank. Blacklock finds another bank and when Galloway dies, it is found that Blacklock's coal stocks had been disposed of.

CHAPTER 28—Blacklock builds a beautiful mansion for his wife in New York while she is spending the time at Dawn Hill, their country estate up the Sound. Anita apparently cares nothing for the new place.

## XXX.

### ANITA'S SECRET.

That afternoon—or, was it the next?—I happened to go home early. I have never been able to keep alive anger against any one. My anger against Anita had long ago died away, had been succeeded by regret and remorse that I had let my nerves, or whatever the accused cause was, whirl me into such an outburst. Not that I regretted having rejected what I still felt was insulting to me and degrading to her; simply that my manner should have been different. There was no necessity or excuse for violence in showing her that I would not, could not, accept from gratitude what only love has the right to give. And I had long been casting about for some way to apologize—not easy to do, when her distant manner toward me made it difficult for me to find even the necessary commonplaces to "keep up appearances" before the servants on the few occasions on which we accidentally met.

But, as I was saying, I came up from the office and stretched myself on the lounge in my private room adjoining the library. I had read myself into a doze, when a servant brought me a card. I glanced at it as it lay

upon his extended tray. "General Monson," I read aloud. "What does the damned rascal want?" I asked.

The servant smiled. He knew as well as I how Monson, after I dismissed him with a present of six months' pay, had given the newspapers the story—or, rather, his version of the story—of my efforts to educate myself in the "arts and graces of a gentleman."

"Mr. Monson says he wishes to see you particularly, sir," said he.

"Well—I'll see him," said I. I despised him too much to dislike him, and I thought he might possibly be in want. But that notion vanished the instant I set eyes upon him. He was obviously at the very top of the wave.

"Hello, Monson," was my greeting, in it no reminder of his treachery.

"Howdy, Blacklock," said he. "I've come on a little errand for Mrs. Langdon."

"Then, with that nasty grin of his: 'You know, I'm looking after things for her since the bust-up.'"

"No, I didn't know," said I curtly, suppressing my instant curiosity.

"What does Mrs. Langdon want?"

"To see you—for just a few minutes—whenver it is convenient."

"If Mrs. Langdon has business with me, I'll see her at my office," said I.

She was one of the fashionables that had got herself into my black books by her treatment of Anita since the break with the Ellerslys.

"She wishes to come to you here—to this afternoon, if you are to be at home. She asked me to say that her business is important—and very private."

I hesitated, but I could think of no good excuse for refusing. "I'll be here an hour," said I. "Good day."

He gave me no time to change my mind. Something—perhaps it was his curious expression as he took himself off—made me begin to regret.

The more I thought of the matter, the less I thought of my having made any civil concession to a woman who had acted so badly toward Anita and myself. He had not been gone a quarter of an hour before I went to Anita in her sitting room. Always, the instant I entered the outer door of her part of our house, that powerful, intoxicating fascination that she had for me began to take possession of my senses. It was in every garment she wore. It seemed to linger in any place where she had been, for a long time after she left it. She was at a small desk by the window, was writing letters.

"May I interrupt?" said I. "Monson was here a few minutes ago—from Mrs. Langdon. She wants to see me. I told him I would see her here. Then it occurred to me that perhaps I had been too good-natured. What do you think?"

I could not see her face, but only the back of her head, and the loose coils of magnetic hair and the white nape of her graceful neck. As I began to speak, she stopped writing, her pen suspended over the sheet of paper. After I ended there was a long silence.

"I'll not see her," said I. "I don't quite understand why I yielded." And I turned to go.

"Wait—please," came from her abruptly.

Another long silence. Then I: "If she comes here, I think the only person who can properly receive her is you."

"No—you must see her," said Anita at last. And she turned round in her chair until she was facing me. Her expression—I can not describe it. I can only say that it gave me a sense of impending calamity.

"I'd rather not—much rather not," said I.

"I particularly wish you to see her," she replied, and she turned back to her writing. I saw her pen poised as if she were about to begin; but she did not begin—and I felt that she would not. With my mind shadowed with vague dread, I left that mysterious stillness, and went back to the library.

It was not long before Mrs. Langdon was announced. There are some women to whom a haggard look is becoming; she is one of them. She was much thinner than when I last saw her; instead of her former restless, petulant, suspicious expression, she now looked tragically sad. "May I trouble you to close the door?" said she, when the servant had withdrawn. I closed the door.

"I've come," she began, without seating herself, "to make you as unhappy, I fear, as I am. I've hesitated long before coming. But I am desperate. The one hope I have left is that you and I between us may be able to—to—that you and I may be able to help each other."

I waited.

"I suppose there are people," she went on, "who have never known what it was to—really to care for some one else. They would despise me for clinging to a man after he has shown me that—that his love has ceased."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Langdon," I interrupted. "You apparently think your husband and I are intimate friends. Before you go any further,

a mist disabuse you of that idea."

She looked at me in open astonishment. "You do not know why my husband has left me?"

"Until a few minutes ago, I did not know that he had left you," I said. "And I do not wish to know why."

Her expression of astonishment changed to mockery. "Oh!" she sneered. "Your wife has fooled you into thinking it a one-sided affair. Well, I tell you, she is as much to blame as he—more. For he did love me when he married me; did love me until she got him under her spell again."

"I thought I understood. 'You have been misled, Mrs. Langdon,' said I gently, pitying her as the victim of her insane jealousy. 'You have—'"

"Ask your wife," she interrupted angrily. "Hereafter, you can't pretend ignorance. For I'll at least be revenged. She failed utterly to trap him into marriage when she was a poor girl, and—"

"Before you go any further," said I coldly, "let me set you right. My wife was at one time engaged to your husband's brother, but—"

"Tom!" she interrupted. And her laugh made me bite my lip. "So she told you that! I don't see how she dared. Why, everybody knows that she and Mowbray were engaged, and that he broke it off to marry me."

All in an instant everything that had been confused in my affairs at home and down town became clear. I understood why I had been pursued relentlessly in Wall street; why I had been unable to make the least impression on the barriers between Anita and myself. You will imagine that some terrible emotion at once dominated me. But this is not a romance; only the veracious chronicle of certain human beings. My first emotion was—relief that it was not Tom Langdon. "I ought to have known she couldn't care for him," said I to myself. I, contending with Tom Langdon for a woman's love had always made me shrink. But Mowbray—that was vastly different. My respect for myself and for Anita rose.

"No," said I to Mrs. Langdon, "my wife did not tell me, never spoke of it. What I said to you was purely a guess of my own. I had no interest in the matter—and haven't. I have absolute confidence in my wife. I feel ashamed that you have provoked me into saying so." I opened the door.

"I am not going yet," said she angrily. "Yesterday morning Mowbray and she were riding together in the Riverside drive. Ask her groom."

"What of it?" said I. Then, as she did not rise, I rang the bell. When the servant came, I said: "Please tell Mrs. Blacklock that Mrs. Langdon is in the library—and that I am here, and gave you the message."

As soon as the servant was gone, she said: "No doubt she'll lie to you. These women that steal other women's property are usually clever at fooling their own silly husbands."

"I do not intend to ask her," I replied. "To ask her would be an insult."

She made no comment beyond a scornful toss of the head. We both had our gaze fixed upon the door through which Anita would enter. When she finally did appear, I, after one glance at her, turned—it must have been triumphantly—upon her accuser. I had not doubted, but where is the faith that is not the stronger for confirmation? And confirmation there was in the very atmosphere round that stately, still figure. She looked calmly, first at Mrs. Langdon, then at me.

"I sent for you," said I, "because I thought that you, rather than I, should request Mrs. Langdon to leave your house."

At that Mrs. Langdon was on her feet, and blazing. "Fool!" she flared at me. "Oh, the fools women make of men!" Then to Anita: "You—you—"

But no, I must not permit you to drag me down to your level. Tell your husband—tell him that you were riding with my husband in the Riverside drive yesterday.

I stepped between her and Anita. "My wife will not answer you," said I. "I hope, Madam, you will spare us the necessity of a painful scene. But leave you must—at once."

She looked wildly round, clasped her hands, suddenly burst into tears. If she had but known, she could have had her own way after that, without any attempt from me to oppose her. For she was evidently utterly wretched—and no one knew better than I the sufferings of unreturned love. But she had given me up; slowly, sobbing, she left the room I opening the door for her and closing it behind her.

"I almost broke down myself," said I to Anita. "Poor woman! How can you be so calm? You women in your relations with each other are—a mystery."

"I have only contempt for a woman who tries to hold a man when he wishes to go," said Anita, with quiet but energetic bitterness. "Besides—"

she hesitated an instant before going on—"Gladys deserves her fate. She doesn't really care for him. She's only jealous of him. She never did love him."

"How do you know?" said I sharply, trying to persuade myself it was not an ugly suspicion in me that lifted its head and shot out that question.

"Because he never loved her," she replied. "The feeling a woman has for a man or a man for a woman, without any response, isn't love, isn't worthy the name of love. It's a sort of baffled covetousness. Love means generosity, not greediness." Then—

"Why do you not ask me whether what she said is true?"

She changed in her tone with the last sentence, the strange, ominous note in it, startled me.

"Because," replied I, "as I said to

my wife such a question would be to insult her. If you were riding with him, it was an accident." As if my rude repulse of her over-



"FOOL!" SHE FLARED AT ME. "OH, THE FOOLS WOMEN MAKE OF MEN!"

tures and my keeping away from her ever since would not have justified her in almost anything.

She flushed the dark red of shame, but her gaze held steady and unflinching upon mine. "It was not altogether by accident," she said. And I think she expected me to kill her.

When a man admits and respects a woman's rights where he is himself concerned, he either is no longer interested in her or has begun to love her so well that he can control the savage and selfish instincts of passion. If Mowbray Langdon had been there, I might have killed them both; but he was not there, and she, facing me without fear, was not the woman to be suspected of the stealthy and traitorous.

"It was he that you meant when you warned me you cared for another man?" said I, so quietly that I wondered at myself; wondered what had become of the "Black Matt" who had used his fists almost as much as his brains in fighting his way up.

"Yes," she said, her head down now.

A long pause.

"You wish to be free?" I asked, and my tone must have been gentle.

"I wish to free you," she replied slowly and deliberately.

There was a long silence. Then I said: "I must think it all out. I once told you how I felt about these matters. I've greatly changed my mind since our talk that night in the Willoughby; but my prejudices are still with me. Perhaps you will not be surprised at that—you whose prejudices have cost me so dear."

I thought she was going to speak. Instead she turned away, so that I could no longer see her face.

"Our marriage was a miserable mistake," I went on, struggling to be just and judicial, and to seem calm. "I admit it now. Fortunately, we are both still young—you very young. Mistakes in youth are never fatal. But, Anita, do not blunder out of one mistake into another. You are no longer a child, a you were when I married you. You will be careful not to let judgments formed of him long ago decide you for him as they decided you against me."

"I wish to be free," she said, each word coming with an effort, "as much on your account as on my own." Then, and it seemed to me merely a truly feminine attempt to shirk responsibility, she added, "I am glad my going will be a relief to you."

"Yes, it will be a relief," I confessed. "Our situation has become intolerable. I had reached my limit of self-control. I put out my hand. 'Good-by,' I said."

If she had wept it might have modified my conviction that everything was at an end between us. But she did not weep. "Can you ever forgive me?" she asked.

"Let's not talk of forgiveness," said I, and I fear my voice and manner were gruff, as I strove not to break down. "Let's try to forget." And I touched her hand and hastened away.

When two human beings set out to misunderstand each other, how fast and far they go! How shut-in we are from each other, with only halting means of communication that break down under the slightest strain!

As I was leaving the house next morning, I gave Sanders this note for her:

"I have gone to live at the Downtown hotel. When you have decided what course to take, let me know. If my 'rights' ever had any substance, they have starved away to such weak things that they collapse even as I try to set them up. I hope your freedom will give you happiness and me peace."

"You are ill, sir?" asked my old servant, my old friend, as he took the note.

"Stay with her, Sanders, as long as she wishes," said I, ignoring his question. "Then come to me."

His look made me shake hands with him. As I did it, we both remembered the last time we had shaken hands—when he had the roses for my home-coming with my bride. It seemed to me I could smell those roses.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mrs. A. A. Holmes of the third ward, is quite ill at her home.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Holmes*

For Infants and Children.

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## The Bereavement.

Pallid and trembling, the grief-stricken wife met her husband at the door.

"She is gone!" came the wail from her set lips.

The man's face blanched, and he reeled as if from a heavy blow. Half dazed, he sank into a chair.

"Gone!" he echoed vaguely.

"Gone," repeated the wife, with a brave effort at self-control. "Oh, what shall I do without her! I had learned to lean upon her so, she was so much to me, and now—"

Her courage forsook her quite, and she burst into tears.

Her husband drew her to him. "Don't weep, dear heart," he said tenderly. "Tell me about it. I had feared that it might happen, but the blow has fallen so suddenly."

The wife raised her head, her eyes flashed fire.

"How did it happen?" she reiterated in a changed voice.

"Why, that cat of a Mrs. Jenkins offered her \$5 a week and no washing or ironing. So of course Bridget jumped at it, and left without notice."

And the man sighed heavily, for he knew that for him it meant a weary round of intelligence offices.—Lippincott's.

## ELLINWOOD.

From the Leader Dec. 27.

P. B. Kimpler has fully recovered from his recent illness and is now at his regular work.

Mrs. Fred Metz, Jr., and children are spending the holidays with relatives at Kansas City.

Jake Koelsch and family came up from Hudson this week to spend Christmas with the home folks.

Mrs. W. F. Lipphardt went to Hutchinson this morning on a few days visit.

Fred Ruch, who is attending business college at Salina, is home for the holidays.

J. Koehler and sister, Miss Marie, went to Manchester, Okla., Tuesday night for a few days visit with their brother, Thomas Koehler.

Miss Louisa Lipphardt, who is teaching school at Dundee, spent Christmas with her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lipphardt of Comanche township.

A little after nine o'clock this morning, Geo. W. Logan's office at his horse yard took fire from an overheated stove. An alarm was sounded and the department responded promptly. The blaze had gotten quite a headway, but the boys soon had it under control.

## NOTICE OF RECEIVERS SALE.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the District Court of Barton County, Kansas made in the case of The Peoples' State Bank of Herington, Kansas vs. The Farmers Grain & Fuel Company, that I will, on Monday the 31st day of December, 1906, 2 o'clock p. m., on the herein after described premises at Herington, Kansas, sell at public auction to the highest cash bidder, over \$6000.00, Lots 14 and 15 in block 46 in the said city of Herington, Kansas the same being known as The Farmers Grain & Fuel Company Elevator property. This December 19th, 1906. F. L. Gunn, Receiver. James W. Clarke & J. B. Pross, Attorneys for plaintiff.

## To the Farmers.

Jos. Wise will pay the highest market price for copper, rubber, brass, zinc, lead, old iron and junk of all kinds, hides and wool. Leave word at this office as to what you have, and he will call upon you.

## The Kansas Legislature.

For the news of the coming session of the Kansas legislature, as well as all other news, subscribe for The Topeka Daily State Journal, 100 days for \$1.00. Send in your subscription at once. Address, Topeka State Journal, Topeka, Kansas.

FOR SALE.—Three Aberdeen Angus bulls. At farmers prices. C. B. Coss, Heizer Kans.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Holmes*

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

## For Sale.

160 acres of fine land, 3 miles north of Pawnee Rock, 140 acres in cultivation 70 acres in wheat, all goes with the place. Good house and barn, and other sheds. Price \$7100.

160 acres of good land 3 1/2 miles north-east of Pawnee Rock, 130 acres in cultivation, 100 acres in wheat, 1-3 of which goes with the place, good house and barn. Price \$7500.

For further information inquire of Mosbarger Gilbert, Pawnee Rock, Kans.



## The Pain Family

You know them; they are numerous, and make their presence felt everywhere. The names of the family are Headache, Toothache, Earache, Backache, Stomach ache, Neuralgia, etc. They are sentinels that warn you of any derangement of your system. When the brain nerves become exhausted or irritated, Headache makes you miserable; if the stomach nerves are weak, indigestion results, and you double up with pain, and if the more prominent nerves are affected, Neuralgia simply makes life unendurable. The way to stop pain is to soothe and strengthen the nerves. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills do this. The whole Pain family yield to their influence. Harmless if taken as directed.

"I find Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills an excellent remedy for overcoming headache, neuralgia and distressing pains of all sorts. I have used them for the past seven years in this capacity with the best of results."  
MRS. JOE MERRILL, Peru, Ind.  
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.  
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

## Central Market

Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry and Game.

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## B. AVERY GARDNER,

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## J. C. Crouch